

Savesies

By

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. A PITTSBURGH SIDE-STREET - EVENING

It's July Fourth. Flags wave from every porch. A slow pan of the sidewalk reveals that a single parking space remains.

The theme to "Chariots of Fire" begins as CHUCKY HALOUSKI (32), mullet-haired and wearing a Steelers muscle shirt despite having no muscles, emerges in slow motion from the doorway of his duplex holding a PARKING CHAIR.

And then THERESA BORKOWSKI (32) (pronounced "Treaasa"), four doors down, wearing a "Got Malkin?" t-shirt and three curlers flipping her bangs under, does the same.

Chucky turns and sees Theresa. Theresa turns and sees Chucky.

Still in slow motion, the iconic music playing, both bolt for the lone parking space.

Chucky's mullet flutters out behind him. He looks stricken with fear.

Theresa's curlers bounce. She just looks pissed.

Chucky's knees bang off the base of his chair and he stumbles briefly.

Theresa expertly folds hers in mid-stride and tucks it under her arm.

Slowly, inexorably, they converge, both making one final, mighty, desperate, wide-eyed leap from the curb.

The instant they land, spiking their chairs like Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin planting the U.S. Flag on the moon, the slo-mo effect ends and the music screeches off as if someone has dragged the needle across the LP.

CHUCKY AND THERESA

Savesies!

CHUCKY

Yinz only got two legs onna grahnd!

Theresa opens her chair and slams it back down.

THERESA

There. Happy nah?

CHUCKY

Yeah I'm happy. Cuz you just proved my point.

THERESA

Bullcrap, Chucky. My mum's gonna be here in a abaht ten minutes, and if she don't got a parkin spot fer da fahrwerks, shi'll have a freakin canipshun.

CHUCKY

Well, my mum's comin all da way from Blawnox.

THERESA

So?

CHUCKY

So Raute twenny-eight's got cinstrucshin aht da wahzoo, an my dad's sittin on 'is proshtrate at whole time.

THERESA

Well my mum's all baund up'n takin' 'at Metamutual. She kin blow withaht notice.

CHUCKY

Ah geez, Borkahski. Hah's abaht not roonin da cookaht before it's even started?

THERESA

Yeah, yer dad's proshtrate's rool appetizin.

CHUCKY

Well bein bahnd up's differnt than havin a proshtrate.

THERESA

Zacksame.

CHUCKY

Differnt!

THERESA

Zacksame!

A CAR ENGINE starts and both Chucky and Theresa jerk their heads toward the sound.

Across the street, a pickup pulls out of a space revealing a WOMAN (50-ish) in white and blue sweats, a Clint Eastwood stare on, holding a PARKING CHAIR.

CHUCKY AND THERESA

Aw crap.

Theresa's sister, CHERYL (30) (pronounced "Shirl") pokes her head out of their screen door.

CHERYL

Hey Treasa!

THERESA

What!

CHERYL

Yer pigs-ina-blankit'r dingin'!

THERESA

So take 'em aht!

CHERYL

I dunno how you like'm done!

Chucky smiles.

CHUCKY

Yeah, Treasa. Yinz better go check'um.

THERESA

(still yelling to Cheryl)

This ain't The Aht-back  
Steak-hause, fer cryin aht lahd,  
Shirl! If ther puffy, then take 'em  
ah!

Cheryl rolls her eyes and ducks back inside.

Chucky's younger brother, DONNY (30), pokes his head out of a window in Chucky's house. Donny is still trying to rock the mullet, but wears a Steeler ball cap to cover the large, prematurely thinning area on top.

DONNY

(excited)

Hey Chucky, yinz check aut the  
Bucco game before you went aht?

CHUCKY

No, why?

DONNY

Ohlendorf got a no-no gowin in the eighth.

CHUCKY

Aw, yer shittin me.

DONNY

No, I ain't. He's mowin 'em dahn like he's Blass in '71.

Chucky looks torn. There are very few Pirate highlights.

CHUCKY

Bring da transister aht here, would ya?

Donny looks at him quizzically.

DONNY

What year you think 'iss is?

Donny ducks back inside.

THERESA

(smiling wickedly)

Yinz ever seen a no-no, Chucky?

CHUCKY

(more angry now)

Aw, yer mum can't park innis space anyhah!

THERESA

What'er yinz talkin abaht?

CHUCKY

She still got da Monny Carlo?

THERESA

Yeah, so?

CHUCKY

This space aint big enough! Shi'll come in nose first like always an git it all caddywompus n'at!

THERESA

She won't git it caddywompus.

CHUCKY

That big ole Monny Carlo butt'll be stickin aht inna shtreet all caddywompass.

THERESA  
Aw, yer goofy.

CHUCKY  
Yer goofy.

THERESA  
Yer goofy.

Cheryl pokes her head out the screen door again.

CHERYL  
They ain't puffy.

THERESA  
So don't take'em aht!

CHERYL  
How much longer?

THERESA  
Jesus H. Christ. No wonder you  
ain't married.

Cheryl slams the screen door.

THERESA (CONT'D)  
(to Chucky)  
Yinz see what I gotta dill with?  
Hah's abaht cuttin me a break?

CHUCKY  
Look, we gotta have dis space cuz  
we're usin my mum's car all  
weekend.

THERESA  
Where's yer car at?

CHUCKY  
I hadda take it dahn a shop cuz da  
brakes were squillin.

THERESA  
Squillin like hah?

Chucky makes a ridiculous but fairly accurate SQUEALING  
NOISE and mimes slamming on his brakes.

CHUCKY  
RRR-EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

THERESA  
Sahnds like yinz need new brakes.

CHUCKY  
Just got new brakes.

THERESA  
Why dinchya say so, ya jagoff!  
That's hahs come ther squillen!

CHUCKY  
Whadaya mean?

THERESA  
I mean when ya git new brakes  
sometimes they squill 'til ther  
broke in.

CHUCKY  
Geno says it might be da roters.

THERESA  
You took it ta dat crook?!

CHUCKY  
Geno ain't no crook.

THERESA  
Well, he's a jagoff.

Chucky laughs.

CHUCKY  
Yer still pissed abaht Prom?

THERESA  
She was my best friend, Chucky!

CHUCKY  
Funny way a showin it. Her Puttin  
aht fer yer date.

THERESA  
She didn't put aht!

CHUCKY  
At's what I heard.

THERESA  
Said she'd put aht. Then she give  
him same thing I give him.

CHUCKY  
She give him crabs?

Theresa re-folds her chair and swings it hard at Chucky.

He goes down but scrambles back quickly, using his chair for support.

CHUCKY  
Now it's mine fer sher! Yer legs  
were offa da grahnd!

Theresa re-plants her chair with authority.

THERESA  
Prove it!

Donny appears on the sidewalk.

CHUCKY  
(still staring down Theresa)  
You see dat, Donny?!

DONNY  
See what?

CHUCKY  
Aw, crap.

DONNY  
Got through the eighth, Buccos  
comin to bat. Yinz ain't really  
gonna miss iss, are ya?

Chucky wipes sweat from his forehead.

CHUCKY  
(exasperated)  
Just tape it!

DONNY  
DVR's busted.

CHUCKY  
Jesus H.

Donny nods upward at Theresa.

DONNY  
What's gowin on, Horkahski?

THERESA  
 Chucky's tryin 'a hork my space.

DONNY  
 (to Chucky)  
 Mum'll shit a brick if she don't  
 got parkin fer da fahrwerks.

CHUCKY  
 Think I don't know dat? You just  
 git dem bloons blowed up.

DONNY  
 Ah geez, Chucky.

CHUCKY  
 You know Mum don't think it's a  
 hawlwiday cookaht withaht bloons.

DONNY  
 I abaht passed aht blowin' 'em  
 things up last year.

THERESA  
 Christ. You'n Shirl'd make a rool  
 cute couple.

DONNY  
 Hell's 'at s'posed ta mean?

THERESA  
 Means yinz probly wouldn't know  
 when ta take aht da  
 pigs-ina-blankit neither.

Donny perks up.

DONNY  
 Sherl made pigs?

THERESA  
 No. I made pigs. All she gotta do  
 is take 'em aht.

DONNY  
 Yer flatscreen workin?

THERESA  
 Yeah, it's workin.

DONNY  
 I'll go help 'er.

CHUCKY

Donny!

Donny leaves quickly and disappears into Cheryl and Theresa's house.

CHUCKY

Aw, crap.

Theresa smiles, changing tactics.

THERESA

She always liked you, ya know? My mum.

CHUCKY

Aw geez, don't go makin' me fill guilty nah.

THERESA

Always said yinz were da sweetest.

CHUCKY

Aw, geez.

THERESA

Just like yer dad, she says.

CHUCKY

Don't start up with 'at.

Donny suddenly comes running out of Theresa's house.

DONNY

Buccos went dahn quick. Bottom a the ninth! The place is gowin bananas!

CHUCKY

Geez-o-man, Donny! Who's side'r you on?

DONNY

Oh. (a beat) And I think you better git in here quick, Treasa.

THERESA

How stupid you think I am, Donny?

DONNY

No, I'm sireus. You hurt Shirl's fillins.

THERESA

What? Just cuz she can't judge  
pigs?

DONNY

No. Cuz you said she ain't married.

THERESA

Jesus H. Christ. You dill with her.  
Yer two peas-ina-pod anyways. Just  
don' eat nunna dem pigs.

Smoke wafts out of the doorway behind Donny.

DONNY

Ain't zackly edible.

THERESA

What the frick!

DONNY

She was cryin an' fergot.

Theresa's shoulders slump.

She folds her chair and steps onto the sidewalk, leaving  
Chucky alone in the space.

THERESA

Happy nah?

Chucky, looking more exhausted than smug, watches Theresa  
storm off.

He looks left, then right: still the only spot on the block.

Just as he turns back to the left, a giant yellow Monte  
Carlo glides slowly parallel to the space.

The electric window slides down and MRS. BORKOWSKI (65)  
squints behind bottle-thick glasses. She's wearing a  
babushka over a freshly beauty-shopped hairdo.

MRS. BORKOWSKI

You savin' 'at spot for me, Chucky?  
Why, ain't you just the sweetest!

CHUCKY

Aw, crap.

MRS. BORKOWSKI

I always said you were the  
sweetest. Just like yer father, I  
always said.

She winks at Chucky conspiratorially.

MRS. BORKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
Let me just back up a little and  
pull right in.

She backs up and, as predicted, tries to pull in nose-first.  
She's diagonal in the space and has no chance.

Chucky rolls his eyes and sets his chair down on the  
sidewalk.

He goes to her window.

INT. MRS. BORKOWSKI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CHUCKY  
(defeated)  
Why don'chu leave me do it, Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. opens her door and starts to get out slowly.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
I don't know why you an' Treasa  
never went aht together.

EXT. A PITTSBURGH SIDE-STREET - CONTINUOUS

Chucky has come around to her side and helps her out.

CHUCKY  
I think by da time we got to datin  
age, she already knowed me too  
good.

Chucky helps Mrs. B slowly to the sidewalk.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
She'd of went to prom with you ya  
know.

A beat.

CHUCKY  
Insteada Geno?

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
Geno's a jaggoff.

CHUCKY  
(a little wistfully)  
Ah, proms'r stoopid anyhah.

INT. MRS. BORKOWSKI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Chucky executes a perfect parallel park while trying to find the Pirate game on the radio. There is only static. He's still searching as he sits in the space.

MRS. BORKOWSKI (O.S.)  
That's been broke for years.

A baby blue Chevy Malibu pulls alongside. As the passenger window goes down, the radio becomes audible.

LANNY FRATTARE  
(from the radio)  
Shame on you if you missed this one  
folks!

MRS. HALOUSKI (65), who is driving, turns the radio off and stares past MR. HALOUSKI (70) at Chucky.

Mr. Halouski's eyes dart between his wife and his son, but he stays pressed back hard into the seat, as if his wife's line of sight were a high-voltage force field.

Mrs. Halouski turns her glare to Mrs. Borkowski, who waves cheerfully from the sidewalk.

MRS. BORKOWSKI  
(to Mr. Halouski)  
Hello, Stanley!

Finally, Mrs. Halouski looks back at Chucky, still scowling.

MRS. HALOUSKI  
Are yinz shittin' me?

Chucky smiles weakly.

CHUCKY  
Hey, Mum.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Theresa stands on her stoop smiling, partly victorious, but mostly admiring Chucky. She bites a charcoal-black pig drenched in ketchup and mustard and chews.

BLACKOUT - THE END